Come shall we goe along? *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan, prisoners.

Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.

Riu. Sir Richard Ratliffe, let me tell thee this:
To day shalt thou behold a subiect die,
For truth, for dutie, and for loyaltie.

Gray. God keep the prince from all the pack of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Riu. O Pomfret, Pomfret, Oh thou bloudie prison,
Fatall and ominious to noble Peeres:
Within the guiltie closure of thy walles
Richard the second here was hackt to death:
And for more slaunder to thy dismall soule,
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse bloods to drinke.

Gray. Now Margarets curse is falne vpon our heads,
For standing by, when Richard stabd her sonne.

Ri. Then curst she Hasting, then curst she Buckingham,
Then curst she Richard. Oh remember God,
To heare her prayers for them, as now for vs,
And for my sister, and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied deare God with our true bloods,
Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.

Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out,

Riu. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaue, vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counsell.

Hast. My Lords at once, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation.
In Gods name say, when is this royall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and lack but nomination.

Bish. To morrow then, I gesse a happie time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord Protectors minde herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke? (his minde.

Bi. Why you my L: me thinks you should soonest know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine:

Lor. *Hastings*, you and he are neare

Hast. I thanke his grace, I know
But for his purpose in the coronati
I haue not sounded him, nor he del
His graces pleasure any way therei
But you my L. may name the time
And in the Dukes behalfe ile giue
Which I presume he will take in ge

Bish. Now in good time here co

Enter

Glo. My noble L. and cousens a
I haue bene long a sleeper, but now
My absence doth neglect no great
Which by my presence might haue

Buc. Had not you come vpon yo
William *L.* Hastings had now pron
I meane your voice for crowning c

Glo. Then my *L.* Hastings, no
His *L*ordship knowes me well, an

Hast. I thanke your grace.

Glo. My *L.* of Elie.

Bish. My *L*ord.

Glo. When I was last in Holborn
I sawe good strawberries in your g
I now beseech you send for some of

Bish. I go my *L*ord.

Glo. Cousen *B*uckingham, a wo
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in
And findes the resty gentleman so h
As he will loose his head ere giue co
His maisters sonne as worshipfull h
Shall loose the royaltie of Englands

Buc. Withdraw you hence my *L.*

Dar. We haue not yet set downe thi
To morrow in mine opinion is too
For I my selfe am not so well prouid
As else I would be were the day prol

Enter the Bishop of E

Bi. Where is my *L.* Protector, I h

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